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NATURE AND HISTORY STORIES.

OR

FIRST LESSONS IN SCIENCE READING.

CHICAGO

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NATURE

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HISTORY STORIES

OR

FIRST LESSONS IN SCIENCE READING,

BY

FANNIE F. HICKS.

Illustrated by C. EDITH HICKS.

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The author.

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INTRODUCTION.

Every story in this collection comes fresh from use in the school-room.

The stories were written and used as supplemental reading lessons to the regular reading, language and science lessons.

These lessons have been prepared with thoughtful care for the children, whom I love and serve.

To those who may wish to know concerning the manner of presentation of the following subjects, allow me to make brief explanations.

These reading lessons were the outgrowth of previous language lessons, were given to a class of fifty first and second grade children, and took the place of one reading period, two of which we had each day.

During the Language period of twenty minutes, observation of objects was made by whole class and also by individual pupils. During and after observation, questions previously prepared and now in mind, were asked; thus bringing out many facts and fancies.

During Reading period of twenty minutes, the story was written upon the blackboard, sentence by sentence, and read by the children as written; then, whole paragraphs read by one child. After whole lesson had been given in this way I allowed, as a favor, one, two or three children to read entire lesson.

The materials for illustration and observation were furnished by the children themselves—for instance, one

day a little girl came bringing to the school-room a beautiful brown owl, saying as she handed it to me, "Here is an owl like Hiawatha's." A lesson upon birds in general and an owl in particular was the result.

For observation on the cat, a pet kitten was brought to school for a day's visit.

The flowers, vegetables, fruits, cocoons, grasshoppers, frogs, leaves, twigs and nuts were all eager contributions by the children.

When reading lesson was placed on blackboard it was accompanied by appropriate sketch, thus bringing to mind information already gained.

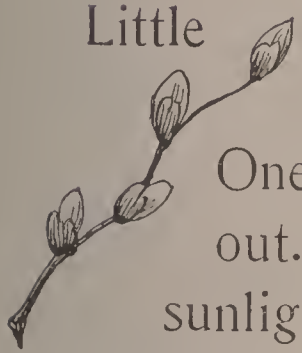
In preparing these lessons, frequent use has been made of words used in regular reading lessons.

Trusting that these lessons may be helpful, and that *you* in your school-room, may derive from their use as much pleasure and benefit as in mine, I am

Yours in the Work,

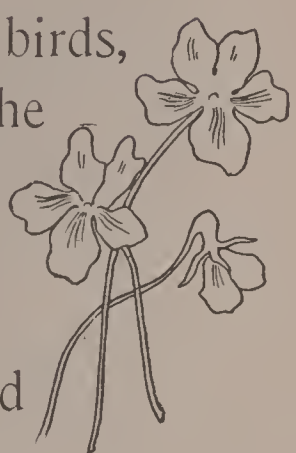
FANNIE F. HICKS.

PUSSY WILLOW.



Little Pussy Willow had been shut up in her little house all winter. One bright spring morning she came out. She was glad to feel the bright sunlight.

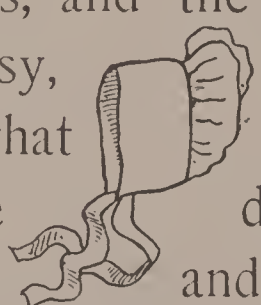
The flowers were asleep. The birds, the buds, and the grass were all she saw. She looked very bright and happy. The birds were glad to see her.



The robin said, "Good morning, Pussy! you are up bright and early. Why do you wear that hood?"

"O, Mother Nature told me to keep it on."

The trees, the grass, and the brook were glad to see Mrs. Pussy, but said so much about the hood that she came near taking it off. She did not do it, but only said: "Wait and see."



One morning there was Pussy Willow with no hood, but bright yellow curls.

TWIGS.

"See this little twig, May. It is a twig from the apple tree. Do you not think it pretty?"

"Yes, Bessy, I think it very pretty."

The tree has many little twigs on it.

It has many large twigs, too.

The twigs have very many little buds on them.

The little buds will grow into big buds.

The buds will open into leaves and blossoms.

The leaves will be a pretty green.

The blossoms will be pink and white.

Soon the blossom will drop off.

In place of the blossom will come a tiny, green ball.

This tiny ball will grow larger and larger.

At last it will become a bright, red apple.

FAIRY PLUMULE.

Here is a little white house.

A fairy lives in this house.

Her name is Fairy Plumule.

Fairy Plumule can not get out of this house now.

The house has but one room in it.

It is a long room.

It has beautiful white walls.

There is a little cradle in this room.

The cradle is white.

Fairy Plumule sleeps in this cradle.

Fairy Plumule has on a soft white dress.

She has two tiny little wings folded at her side.

When the sun shines Fairy is very happy.

Sometimes she wants to see the birds.

She wants to see the pretty flowers.

She wants to see the green grass and the blue sky.

But the door is closed and she can not get out.

One day some children took the little white house.

They put the house in a nice, soft bed of earth.

Then Fairy was left all alone.

Soon she heard little light footsteps over her. It was the rain.

The rain soaked through the brown blanket of earth and moistened the house.

Then the house began to swell.

The house broke in two.

The Fairy felt bad about this, but said, "I will grow; then I can see the beautiful world."

She put her little feet into the soft earth.

She stretched up her tiny hands.

She began to grow.

Soon she was above the ground.

She saw the grasses dressed in green.

She saw the trees dressed in green.

So Fairy, too, put on a lovely green dress.

MISS VIOLET.

I am a little violet.
I am glad to see you.
All winter I was asleep.
One day I came out of my long nap.
I heard the birds.
I saw the sun.
I came out to see them.

Miss White Violet and Miss Yellow Violet came, too.

We are glad to be here, for the boys and girls love us.

Good morning, boys and girls!

I am a pretty blossom.

My home is where there are many trees.

One day in Spring the rain came tapping at the door of my great brown house.

The sun shone in and kissed me.

This woke me from my long winter's nap.

I came out of the house.

I was a little plant.

Now I am larger.

On my head I have five blue petals, five green sepals and five stamens.

My leaves are like a heart and are a dark green.

Come and see me, little boys and girls.

The root sleeps.

The sun shines.

The rain falls.

The root wakes.

The root grows.

The plant blossoms.

FROM SEED TO SEED.

Do you see me?
I am Mrs. Bean.
I have a thin skin.
I have two cotyledons.
I have a plumule.
My plumule grows up.
I have a caulicle.
My caulicle grows down.
Now I am a big bean stalk.
I have roots, stems, leaves, flowers, pods and baby beans.

THE TWIG'S STORY.

One morning the boys and girls came into the school room, each bearing in his hand a twig.

Bessie took them and put them in a large vase; as she did so she heard them say, "Good morning, little girl. How do you do?"

"I am well, thank you."

"I am glad to see you to-day," said the twig.

"Please tell me who you are, and all about your home," said the little girl.

"I am a twig from the apple-tree. There are very many of us on one tree, and each is a cradle for a little baby bud. All winter the buds have been very still. They were fast asleep. Their beds were soft as down and white as snow. They had on warm jackets.

"One day Mother Nature came and woke them from their long nap.

"'Spring is here,' said she. 'The sun will shine on you, and the rain will come down to kiss your little faces, then you will open into a beautiful leaf.'"

Bessie thanked the twig for its story, told the boys and girls what it had said; and they, eager to know if all this were really true, watched carefully day by day the twigs in the vase and those on the trees.

Sure enough, everything came true just as the twig had told Bessie.

ANTS.

One day a little girl was sitting in a bright, sunny place near an old apple tree. While there she saw, on a tiny green leaf, a great many insects running from place to place.

They had glossy, black coats, and their waists were like a slender thread.

As May watched them, presently one came and, looking at her, said, "Good morning, little girl."

"Good morning, Mrs. Ant. I am very glad to see you here again."

"Thank you, Miss Bessie, but I have not been from this place since last autumn."

"Have you not? I have seen nothing of you since last October."

"No, little girl; because I and all the other ants have been fast asleep all through the long, cold winter.

"The Spring came and wakened us.

"Now we are hard at work.

"We are cleaning our houses and getting ready for summer."

"I shall be glad, Mrs. Ant, to have you tell me something about your home."

"I will try to do so.

"We build almost entirely under ground.

"There are many rooms in our house.

"Some of the rooms are round, and some are oval. These rooms are connected by long halls.

"Some of our homes are three or four feet deep, and some of them have many doors or ways to enter."

"Do you work all night, Mrs. Ant?'

"Sometimes, if we are *very* busy."

"Please tell me what you do."

"We bring many tiny grains of sand from down stairs up into the beautiful sunlight. After the grains are warmed by the sun, we carry them back again into the rooms below."

"And is this all that you do?"

"Oh, no, little Bessie. We milk our tiny green cows, of which we have a great number."

"Ants milk cows! Pray, how large are your cows?"

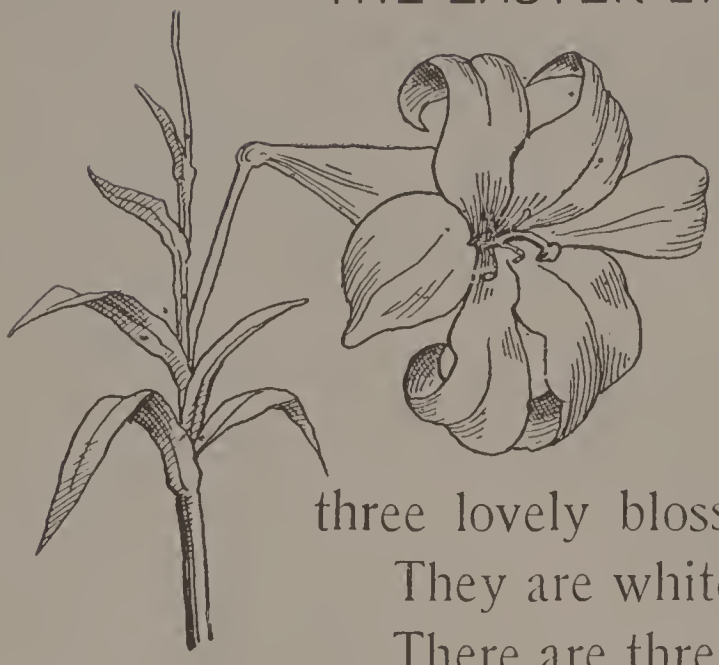
"Just turn up the leaves of that rose bush. There! Do you not see a number of little pale-green insects?"

"Why, those are plant lice, and do a great deal of harm to the shrubs."

"Well, they are our cows, and give us nice milk, as sweet as honey.

"And now good-bye, little Bessie, I must hasten home and help take care of the babies."

THE EASTER LILY.



We have an Easter lily in our school-room.

It is very beautiful.

There are three lovely blossoms on it.

They are white and shining.

There are three large buds and two small ones on our lily.

The flower is pure white.

The buds are a light green.

The stem is long and slender.

There are many long, sharply pointed, dark green leaves on our lily plant.

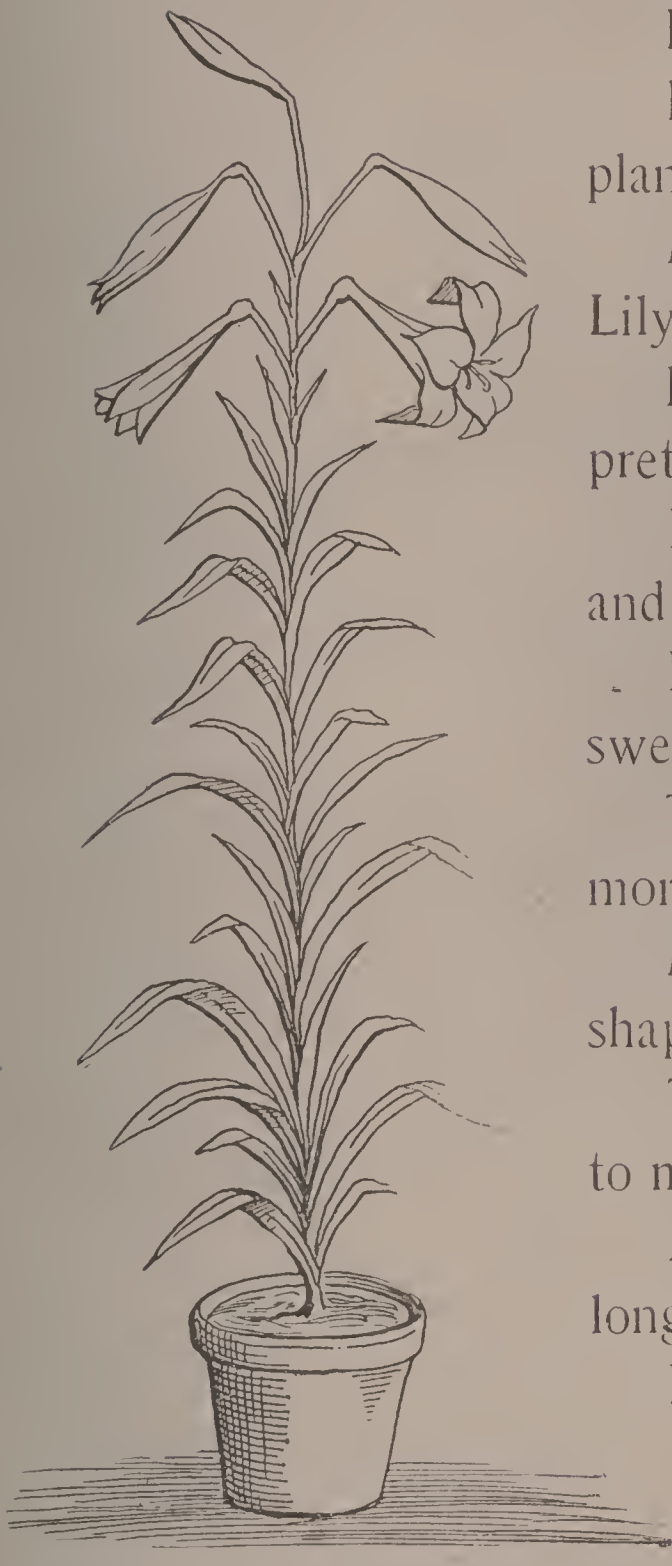
The bulb, which we can not see, is in the soft earth.

It is hidden from sight.

It is very useful.

Without it there could be no beautiful flower.

The lily says to us, "Be pure, be pure, and live to make others happy."



Do you see me?

I am a beautiful plant.

My name is Easter Lily.

Do you think I am pretty?

I love little boys and girls.

I give them of my sweetness.

The more I give the more I have to give.

My flower is bell-shaped.

There are six parts to my flower.

My stem is very long.

It is like a cylinder.

I have many dark green leaves.

They are long and narrow.

You can not see my bulb.

It is in the ground.

It is shaped something like a sphere, and has on a rough brown dress.

I am pure and white. I say to all, "Be pure."

THE CANARY.

Good morning, children.

I have come to tell you about myself.

My name is Canary.

I was once a tiny egg.

I was in a pretty nest.

There were two other eggs in the nest.

The mother bird sat on us to keep us warm.

One morning mama said, "I think the eggs will hatch to-day."

I came out of the egg.

I said, "Tweet, tweet, tweet."

I ate bread and milk.

I sat in the nest.

I grew very fast.
Now I have a bright, soft coat to keep me warm.
I will sing a sweet song for you.

THE WHITE BEAR.

Do you see me?
I am Agoonack's bear.
I am a big white bear.
My name is Nannook.
I eat seals and I swim.
See my three little bears.
My little bears are white.
I gave Agoonack her coat.

THE BLACK BEAR.

I am a black bear.
My name is Bruin.
I eat ants and honey.
I can climb a tree.
I sleep in a hollow tree when the snow comes.
I wake when the flowers come and the sun shines.
Now I am a thin bear.

AN ELM TREE.

Do you know who I am?

I am Mr. Elm Tree.

I am a large plant.

I have roots, a stem or trunk, and many branches, twigs and buds.

My roots go deep down into the earth.

They are strong and keep me from falling.

My trunk rises high in a single stem, then divides into branches.

These branches are again divided into many long branches.

I am a very graceful tree.

I have been sleeping all winter.

Now it is spring I have awakened.

I must wake up all my little buds.

I feed them with sap.

This makes them grow to be big buds.

The buds on the ends of my branches open first.

Soon I shall have on a pretty green dress.

You will say the tree has new green leaves.

Then, boys and girls, you can sit and play in the pleasant shade which they make.

A COCOON.

Do you know what I am?

I am a Cocoon.

My home was on a tree.

One day, last fall, Charley found me and took me to school.

The children were very glad to see me.

After being carefully

looked at I was put into a box and put away for a long winter's nap.

One day, in spring, I was taken and put into the warmth and light.

Here I remained for four or five weeks.

Every day the children looked at me.

One day—what do you think they saw?

THE MOTH.

I am Mrs. Moth.

I was in the cocoon.

I came out of the cocoon.

Little Ernest was the first to see me.

He soon told the other children.

They all came to look at me.

I was not afraid.

How delighted they were.

They admired my beautiful dress.

They looked at my wings.

They counted my legs.

One said, "What a strange shaped body, and just see those rings around it!"

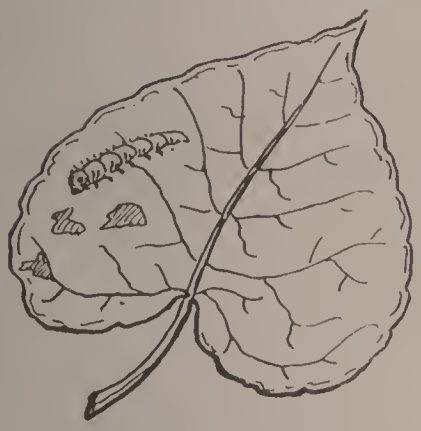
"Oh, there are its eyes!" exclaimed another.

"How weak it is, poor thing."

"O, Miss Hicks, will he learn to fly?"

GRUB AND CATTERPILLAR.

Good morning, children.



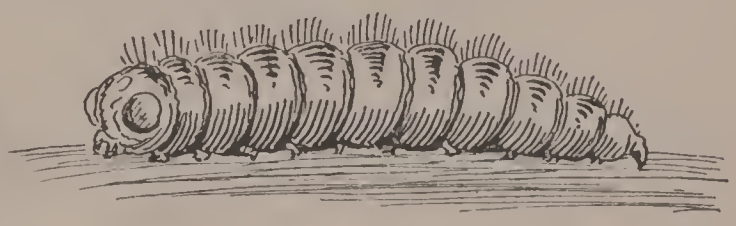
I have come out of the egg which Mrs. Moth left for you to look at.

I am a baby Grub.

I shall eat many leaves.

I shall grow very fast.

And now I am Mr. Catterpiller.



Do not be afraid, I will not hurt you.

I will be with you all summer.

What will I do in autumn?

Fasten myself to the fence, or the limb of a tree, spin a cocoon about me to keep me from the cold, and then go to sleep for the winter.

MRS. PUSSY.

I am a Cat.

I have a soft fur coat.

I have large, bright eyes.

At night the pupil of my eye is round. It is not round when I am where it is light.

I can run up a tree.

I can run down a tree.

Do you know how many toes I have?

See, I have twelve flat teeth in front, six above and six below.

Just look at these four long, sharp teeth.

All flesh-eating animals have four long, sharp teeth. They use them in tearing their food.

Cats, you know, live almost entirely on flesh.

I have eight large back teeth.

It is with these teeth I hold a little animal after catching it.

I have sharp claws which help me hold a mouse or squirrel.

When I am walking you can scarcely see them, for then there is a little cushion on each foot.

Good-bye, boys and girls, I must be off now and get a nice fat bird for my dinner.

THE OWL.

"Who! Who!" Do you hear me?

I am Hiawatha's owl.

I can not swim, but I can fly.

I have two wings and two feet.

I am a brown owl.

My dress is made of feathers.

I catch chickens.

The fish lives in water.

I live in air.

I breathe through my lungs.
I like to run and fly.
You call little fish, minnows.
I call my little ones, owlets.
The fish likes to swim.
I like to fly when the moon and stars are out.
Good bye, children. "Who! Who!"

MR. AND MRS. CABBAGE.

One bright sunshiny morning last spring, Mr. Brown, the farmer, went to his garden. He

made a nice, soft bed, in which to put many babies to sleep while there.

These babies, which he carried in a little basket, were shaped like tiny spheres.

Mr. Brown took them carefully and laid them gently in their long, narrow beds. They then took a nice nap.

Soon the rain came and kissed them. The sun smiled upon them. After a while they awoke, and peeped out to say, "Good morning, pretty birds and flowers."

What do you think? They were babies no longer, but little boys and girls all dressed in lovely green coats.

All the bright summer days these little people kept on growing.

One day in autumn Kate came into the garden.

What do you think she saw?

Not boys and girls, to be sure; but a long line of men and women.

They had round, shiny heads, around which could be seen a ruffle of broad, green leaves.

O, please tell us the name of these people.

Can you not tell?

Oh, yes! I know. Mr. and Mrs. Cabbage.

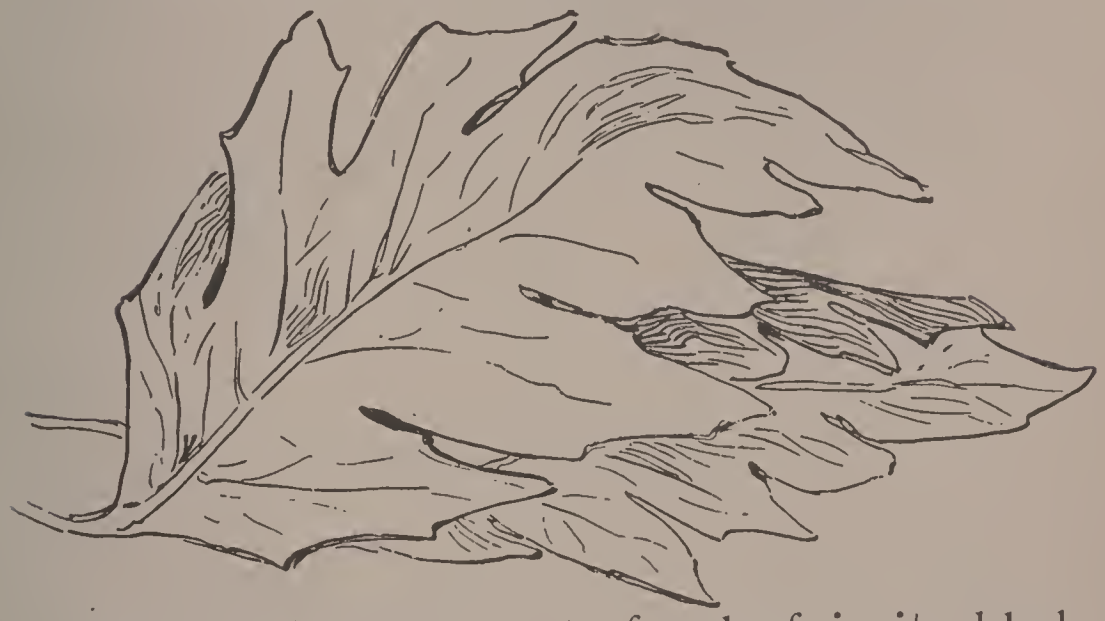
THE PRETTY LEAVES.

Oh, the pretty leaves!
See, they are falling!
They are red and yellow and brown.

They look like little birds.
Birds fly in the air.
Leaves do not fly.
Leaves flutter in the air.
Here is one. Here is another, and another.
O, you beautiful leaves! I will take you home to mamma.

This is a maple leaf.
It has a long stem.

The stem of a leaf is called its petiole.
Here is an oak leaf.
An oak leaf has a short, green petiole.



The broad, green part of a leaf is its blade.

The blade of an oak leaf is thicker than the blade of a maple leaf.

The blade of the oak leaf is dark green.

It is glossy.

The blade of the maple leaf is dark green on the upper side and light green on the under side.

Can you find some oak leaves and some maple leaves?

HOW FRANK AND FRISKY GOT THE NUTS.

The leaves are falling, and it is cold.

Frisky would like some nuts.

He went to the beech tree to get some, but he found them all covered with burrs.

Frank wanted some beechnuts, too.

He asked his mamma to go to the tree with

him. But when they reached the trees no nuts were to be seen, only green burrs. Then they went to the butternut trees and the hickory trees, but the nuts were all wrapped up tight in their green coats.

There were no nuts for Frank and Frisky.

One night it was very cold, and mamma said, "I think Jack Frost will come to-night."

Sure enough, Jack Frost did come and touch every one of the nuts, and out they popped where Frank and Frisky could get them.

ABOUT NUTS.

Here are some nuts. Nuts are seeds.

This is a branch from a hickory tree.

The nut is in a case or burr.

There are four parts to it, which come off when the nut is ripe.

The bark of the tree is rough and shaggy.

The leaf has five leaflets, three large ones and two small ones.

The wood is of a light color and is very tough and hard.

The walnut does not look like the hickory nut.

The hickory nut is smooth. The walnut is rough, and is larger and darker in color.

When Jack Frost comes he opens the burrs and the nuts drop to the ground.

Chestnuts are good to eat.

The chestnut tree has dark green glossy leaves.

The wood is not so dark as the walnut.

Tables and chairs are made of the wood.

Hazel nuts do not grow on trees. They grow on bushes.

Each nut is in a green leafy cup.

The stems of the hazel are burned so as to make charcoal.

These burned stems are used by artists in drawing.

GRASSHOPPER.

Listen, children, while I tell you something about myself.

I am Mr. Grasshopper.

I can hop and fly.

I live in the grass.

I have two pair of wings.

The first pair are called wing-covers.

They are like your rubber coat.

The second pair are folded like a fan.

I have six legs, four short ones and two long ones.

My body has three parts to it.

My head is shaped something like a triangle.

I have two large eyes.

I have a small eye under each large eye, and another small eye in the middle of my face.

I am an insect, because I was first an egg; then, a grub; and, at last, a grasshopper.

THE CARROT.

"Just look at me, my bright-eyed boys and girls."

"Certainly, Mr. Carrot; how do you do to-day?"

"Very happy, indeed, my little lads and lassies."

"Please tell me why *you* are so happy."

"Why, don't you know? Mr. Brown, the farmer, has brought me from my soft, brown, earthy bed, where I have been growing all summer."

"Oh, yes! we know that; but *why* does it please you so much?"

"Because, my dears, I, with my many brothers and sisters, can now be of use in the world.

"Some of us will help to make your Thanksgiving dinner; others will make many a dinner for old Bess, the cow. Then she will give you nice sweet milk, which you like so much."

"Thank you, Mr. Carrot, for your story."

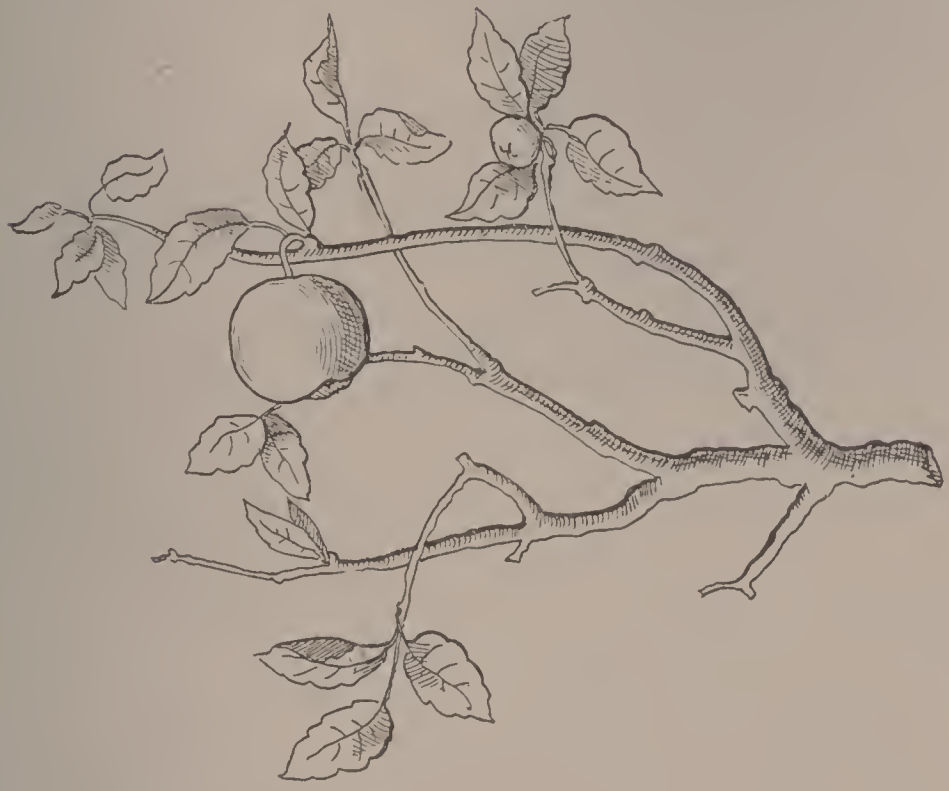
"One word more, before I say good bye. Be useful to others and you will be happy. Good bye."

"Good bye."

MR. APPLE'S STORY.

Good morning, dear children.

You must look high up on this tree if you



wish to find me.

There; do you see me? And do you know who I am? No?

Well, then, I must tell you.

I am Mr. Apple. Is not that a pretty name?

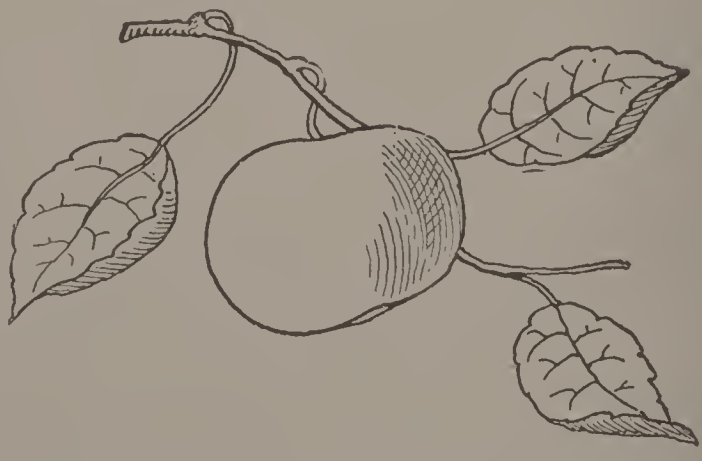
Just see how round I am and look at my nice red cheek.

When I was a baby I had a cloak all pink and white, and you called me a blossom and were so glad to see me, for then you knew the lovely spring was surely here.

Soon I lost my pretty cloak, but there came a little green jacket in its place, and in that coat I have been growing all summer while you were at play, and now you find me all juicy and sweet, ready for some good boy or girl to eat."

MORE ABOUT THE APPLE.

This apple is like a sphere.
It has a thin, smooth, glossy skin.



The skin of the apple may be rough.
We will cut the apple and look at the pulp.
The pulp is white and juicy.

It is the part which we eat.

In the center of the apple are little cells.

These cells are the core.

The core is a good warm house for the little brown seeds.

How many seeds in these apples?

A SNOWFLAKE.

Dear little snowflake, how pretty you are?

Where did you come from?

Is your home in the sky?

You look like a star, you are so bright.

You are very white.

You are, oh, so cold!

I will take you to the fire.

Have you been for a long ride?

Your dress is so thin it did not keep you warm.

And now that you are warm you are not a snowflake.

You are a water drop.

A WINTER'S TWIG.

One day in winter our teacher asked us for twigs and branches from the trees.

Emma brought twigs from the pear tree, John from the horse chestnut, and other boys from the maple.

We were asked to look at the twigs.

Each took a twig from the pear tree. We saw little scars on alternate sides of the stem.

These scars mark the spot where leaves had fallen off.

The place on a stem from which leaves grow out are called nodes.

We also saw tiny little buds placed near each other, but on alternate sides of the stem.

These little buds were shaped like an ovoid, and each had on a close-fitting brown jacket.

Inside the coat we found a soft, white blanket of down.

This downy blanket was carefully put around a tiny, baby leaf.

Yes, there we found the dear little leaf fast asleep, waiting for the warm spring-time to come and waken it.

A DREAM.

Harry fell asleep, and had a strange dream. He thought he was a drop of water in a bright tin cup which May had left on the steps.

The sun came and kissed him, and he began to feel very warm. There came a puff of wind and he was wafted into the air.

As he rose higher and higher, he grew colder and colder. At last, he was so cold he could hardly feel at all. Everything grew dark, and he knew he was slowly and gently falling down.

When it grew lighter he saw fluffy flakes of snow softly gliding down with him to the ground. Every thing was white.

In that soft, white bed he lay fast asleep.

After a time he awoke—that is, he thought he awoke, but he was still dreaming. He heard a little girl say, as she came out of the door,

"Dear little snowflake, how pretty you are! I am glad to see you. You are so very white and clean."

"Are you a winter flower?"

"Did you grow up in the sky?"

"Where did you come from?"

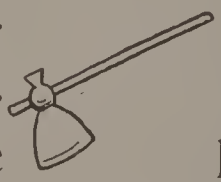
"Harry took off his cap and said, "Good morning," to her, and told her all we had heard about the snowflake.

Was not all this a strange dream? Yet, my dear, if *you were* a snowflake you would really see and do all of these things which Harry saw and did in his dream.

TELL THE TRUTH.

George Washington was once a little boy.

He was a very good boy.
His copy-book was very neat.
He liked to play soldier.
He liked to ride a horse.
He had a little hatchet.



He liked to use his little hatchet.
He cut down his father's cherry tree.
He was an honest boy.
He always told the truth.

He grew to be a man.
Then he was a general.
He did many kind acts.
He was loved by all.
When he died every one was very sorry.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

A kind old man once lived in a city.
He died when eighty-five years old.
His name was Oliver Wendell Holmes.
He wrote many beautiful poems.
He wrote many fine stories.
He had many books.
He had many friends.
He always told the truth.
He was very neat and tidy.
Mr. Holmes had a bright, happy face.
He was very fond of the country.
He loved the city, too.
He liked to be out doors.
He liked to pick the wild flowers.
A little pink spring flower he liked best.
We will try to be as truly great as was Mr. Holmes.

AGOONACK.

The Esquimaux lives in a very, very cold country, where there is darkness one half the year and a little light one half the year.

Their house is made of snow and ice, and is shaped like half a sphere.

The door is close to the ground, and one must creep on hands and knees to enter.

The window is a small hole above the door, and instead of glass has a skin stretched across it.

In front of the house we see Agoonack, a little Esquimaux girl; she is not dressed as we are, but wears stockings made of birds'-skin. Over these are worn shoes of sealskin. Next, she wears leggings or trousers of white bearskin, and a little jacket, called a jumper, of the same material. The hood is also made of bearskin.

It is Agoonack's birthday, and her father has given her a sled made from the bones of the walrus and whale bound together with strips of sealskin.

To draw the sled there are two beautiful brown and white dogs, and Agoonack will have many a fine ride after them.

THE HOUSE.

Now we will creep into the house and see how they live.

Outside it is very cold, but in the house we find it warm as our own homes. The heat does

not come from a stove but from a lamp with long wicks of moss and plenty of walrus fat to burn; over it the mother cooks the soup, but most of the meat is eaten raw, cut in long strips and eaten as we do candy.

These people have no bread, no apples, or potatoes. They have nothing but meat and sometimes the milk of the reindeer.

When the men come home from hunting the bear there is a merry feast, and they laugh and talk and tell stories of the hunt, and the seals they have seen and the foot-tracks of the reindeer.

Perhaps while they are having this gay time a snow storm will come and cover the little house. When the storm ends they dig out the low door-way and creep again into the starlight and the cold.

THE INDIAN.

The Indian is large.

The Indian has copper-colored skin.

The Indian has high cheek bones.

The Indian has long straight black hair.

He wears moccasins on his feet.

The moccasins are trimmed with porcupine quills.

He wears a necklace of shells.

His skirt is short and made of deer skin.

He wears feathers in his hair.

The women are called squaws.

The squaw wears a dress skirt made of skin, and a blanket for a shawl.

The Indians paint their faces red, yellow and blue.

The children are called papooses.

The children wear little or no clothing.

The Indian lives in a wigwam.

He sleeps on hemlock boughs or skins.

Indians are fond of hunting and fishing.

Mr. Longfellow wrote a pretty story about the Indians.

Do you know the story of Hiawatha?

STORY OF HIAWATHA.

Hiawatha was an Indian boy.

He lived with his grandmother.

Her name was Nokomis.

She lived in a wigwam.

Before the wigwam was a great lake.

Behind the wigwam was a great black forest.

Nokomis loved Hiawatha.

Nokomis rocked Hiawatha in his cradle.

The cradle was made from the linden tree.

It was lined with soft, green moss.

Nokomis sang to Hiawatha.

She told him stories about the stars.

Nokomis had a friend named Iago.

Iago loved little Hiawatha.

He made a bow and arrow for him.

The arrow was made of wood from the oak tree.

It was tipped with flint and winged with feathers.

The bow was made of wood from the ash tree.

The bow-string was made of deer skin.

Iago told Hiawatha to go into the forest and kill a deer.

Hiawatha went all alone.

The robins and the bluebirds saw Hiawatha.

They sang to him.

They said: "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha."

The squirrel sprang up an oak tree near him.

The squirrel laughed and chattered and said, "Do not shoot me, Hiawatha."

But he paid no attention to them.

His thoughts were with the deer.

He saw their tracks.

The tracks led to the river.

Hiawatha hid himself behind some bushes.

He waited till the deer came down the pathway.

O, how his heart fluttered.

But he aimed the arrow at the deer.

He shot the arrow and the deer lay dead.

He took the deer home.

Iago and Nokomis were pleased to see Hiawatha.

They praised him.

From the skin Nokomis made a cloak for Hiawatha.

From the flesh she made a dinner, and asked many friends to come to see them.

All the guests praised Hiawatha.

STORY OF KABLU.

In a country far, far away, in a sheltered nook in the mountain, we will find a house made of logs placed one upon another. The chinks, openings between the logs, are filled with moss and clay. The roof slopes from the rock to the top of the doorway which faces the sunrise.

Here lives a boy named Kablu. It is very early in the morning. A few stars are shining in the gray light of dawn.

Kablu is wakened by his father and he knows he must not linger a moment, for the first thing he has to do is to offer a prayer to the sun.

So, in the soft morning light you can see the whole family standing around a broad, flat stone in front of their house, on which are laid ready materials for a fire.

Kablu's two sisters stand beside their father.

He rubs dry sticks together and a flame springs up.

And now the sun shines upon the family while they eat their breakfast of cakes made from crushed grain, and baked in the ashes. They eat with them curds and the flesh of the goat.

Breakfast over the mother combs out wool for spinning and weaving. The little girls help

her but Kablu goes with his father to look after the cows, sheep and goats. They also plant grain on the slopes of the high mountain.

After this is done the father goes with Kablu to the clay bed, and shows the boy how to moisten and mould the clay and shape jars and cups, and pots. These they leave to dry, and in a few days they will build a great fire and bake them until they are hard and strong.

It is now time for the sunset prayer, and after it has been said they all go into the house and draw together and fasten the mats that hang in the doorway, and stretching themselves on their beds of sheep and goat skins, they are soon fast asleep.

THE PERSIAN BOY.

Darius was a Persian boy.
He lived in a very large city.
It was called Babylon.
Babylon was a wonderful city.
It had high walls about it.
There were gates in the wall.
There were great palaces in Babylon.

There were fine gardens and temples in Babylon.

There was a broad river flowing through it.

There were many date trees near Babylon.

There were wild peach and pear trees near the city.

Darius went to school.

His school was in a large field.

His books were running horses, javelins, bow and arrow and stones.

Darius could not read.

He could not write.

He learned to shoot the bow and arrow.

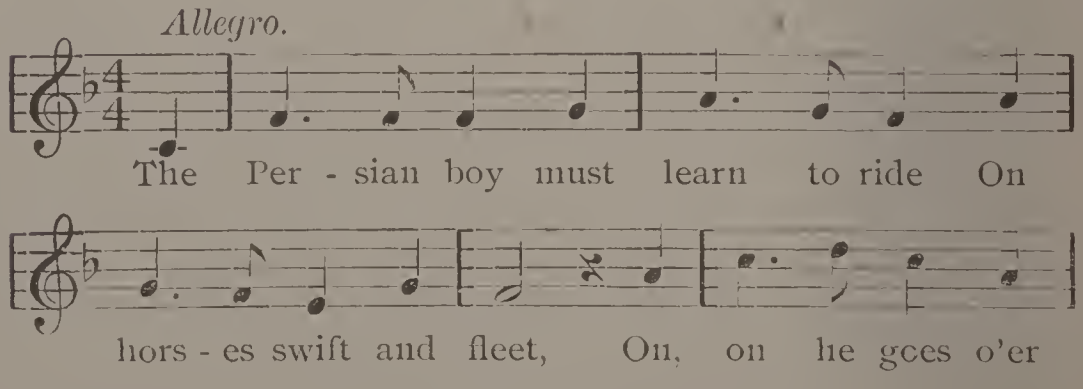
He learned to ride.

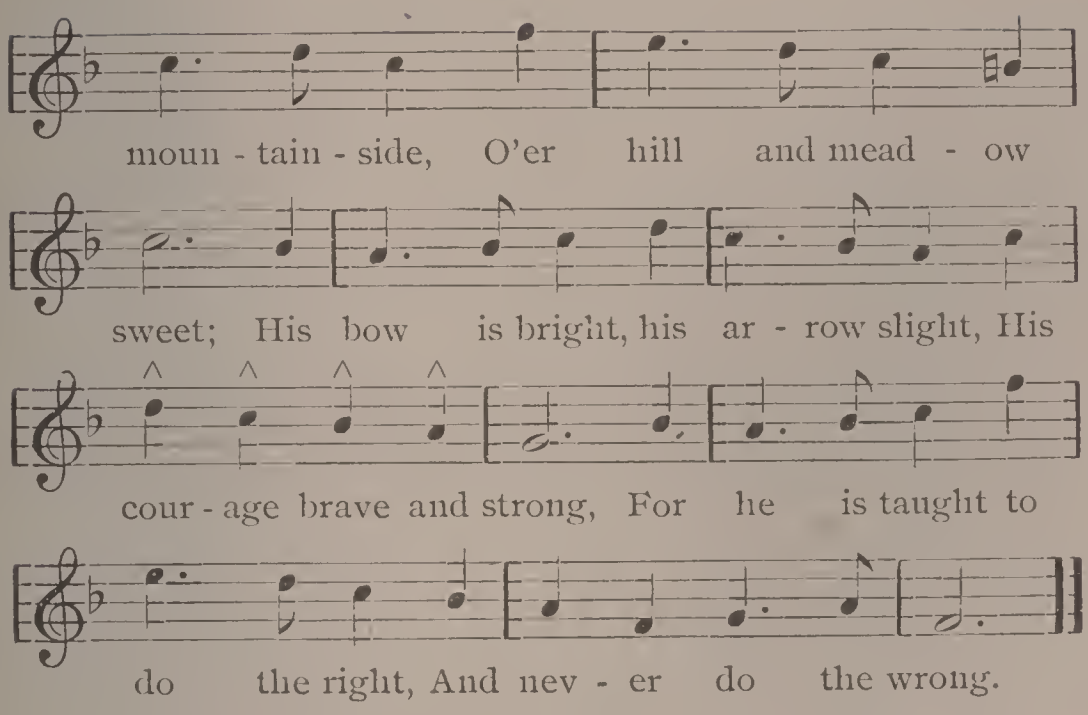
He learned to be obedient.

He learned to speak the truth.

He learned to be courageous.

We should be like Darius, truthful, obedient, and courageous.




moun - tain - side, O'er hill and mead - ow
sweet; His bow is bright, his ar - row slight, His
cour - age brave and strong, For he is taught to
do the right, And nev - er do the wrong.

CLEON, THE GREEK BOY.

In the sunny country of Greece once lived Cleon, a little Greek boy.

Cleon was a brave, obedient, kind and strong little fellow with blue eyes and light hair; he was tall and fair, well formed and very beautiful.

His dress was made of linen; it was two oblong pieces of cloth fastened at the shoulders, it had no sleeves; on his feet were sandals; he had no hat on his head, but in his ears were gold earrings.

Cleon liked to play leap-frog.

He liked to play ball, too.

He could make oyster shells skip on the blue water of the Mediterranean.

When a very small boy he liked to drive a hoop with tiny tinkling bells around the inside of it.

When Cleon was six years old he went to school.

School began at sunrise and ended at sunset.

He learned to read, write and repeat poetry.

We do our number work on a slate.

Cleon did his on a little waxed tablet, and for a pencil he used an ivory stylus, pointed at one end and made flat at the other.

Cleon studied music and learned to play on the lute.

He spent much time training for the races.

These races and games were called the Olympic games. They came every four years and were held as sacred amusements.

If we will think of these games as Cleon had been taught to think of them, we, too, may see the true meaning of their sacredness. The great god Zeus had given Cleon a strong, beautiful body, and at the time of the games, he goes to the temple of Zeus to show that he has

used that body well, and trained it to feats of strength and skill, kept it sacred, not injured it by carelessness or ill treatment, but made the most of it all the time.

At these games are boys from all parts of Greece.

The boys' games come first, and at a given signal they are off like bright arrows from a bow.

Cleon wins in the fourth race, after which all the winners run together for the olive crown. Cleon wins this crown which he hastens to take home to his parents, to whom he has done honor.

His home was in the city of Athens, and the house in which he lived looked like a great wall, built close to the street with a marble door in the center of it.

A beautiful statue stood at the inner doorway.

Passing through a long hall, Cleon comes to a fine open court-yard, right in the middle of the house.

The blue sky is overhead, rows of marble pillars are around it, and pleasant rooms open from it on either side.

Not finding his parents and sister in the court-

yard, he goes in search of them. At last he finds them and gives to them the crown of wild olive. His father and mother praise him, his sister makes him a myrtle wreath, and he feels himself growing into a good citizen.

A BASKET OF FRUIT.

Just see this basket of fruit.

There are many kinds of fruit in the basket.

I can see apples, peaches, pears, grapes and plums.

Apples, pears, and grapes are called fleshy fruits.

Cherries, peaches and plums are stone fruit.

Wheat, corn, oats, rye, nuts and cones are dry fruits.

Can you name other fleshy fruits?

Can you name other dry fruits?

Can you name other stone fruits?

The fleshy fruits all have rich, juicy pulp around the seeds.

The stone fruits have the pulp around a stone in which the seed is found.

The dry fruits have a husk or shell around the kernal or seed inside.

The fleshy, dry and stone fruits are green in color until the seed gets ripe.

Then they put on their dresses of red, blue, gray, brown or yellow.

How bright and pretty they look!

We are so glad to get them.

We thank our Father for giving them to us.

He is good and kind.

WHAT WE EAT.

Think how many plants we eat.

Plants grow out of the ground.

The ground is a part of the earth.

The earth is helped by the air and sunshine and rain.

Corn and wheat are the seed of a plant.
The wheat is ground into flour.
Kablu's wheat was not ground.
It was crushed between two stones.
Our flour is made into bread.
Kablu's flour was made into cakes.

READY FOR WINTER.

The farmer is gathering his fruits and grains.
He is getting ready for winter.
The mother is making warm coats and dresses.
These are for her little children.
The mother is getting ready for winter.
Many others are getting ready for winter.
The bear, the squirrel, the turtle, the flies, the grasshoppers, the flowers and the birds, are all getting ready for winter.
All the trees are hard at work.
They, too, are getting ready for winter.
The tree is making warm coats and dresses.
These are for *her* little children.
The coats are hard and brown and are made of many pieces.
The dresses are soft, warm and white.
Inside every dress and coat is a tiny baby leaf.

When the coats and dresses are all finished mama tree will put her babies to sleep.

She will put them in their cradles.

The cradles are on the branches and twigs of the trees.

The north wind will rock the cradles.

The breezes will sing to the babies.

They are well cared for and will take a long winter nap.

THANKSGIVING.

About the first of November the children in Mr. Gray's family began thinking, talking and planning about Thanksgiving.

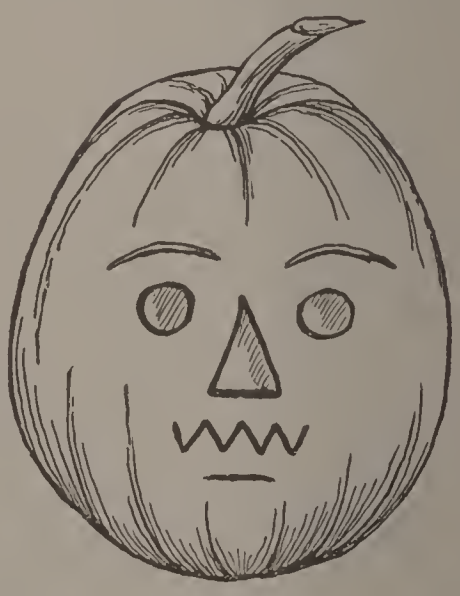
Many things were said about Grandpa, Grandma, the country, pumpkin pie, turkeys,

nuts, apples, and the jolly time soon to be enjoyed.

Dear little, thoughtful Nell listened and often wondered what Thanksgiving really meant. One day she said to herself, "I know what I'll do, I'll ask brother Fred all about it."

When Fred, a boy of ten, and the other children came from school, Nell said, "Fred, what is Thanksgiving?"

"O, dear little darling, don't you know? It is going to Grandpa's an' having a big dinner."



"Yes, and Jack's—lanterns, chestnuts and popcorn," said bright, happy, fun-loving Ned.

"All very true," said Mabel, "but there is much more to it than all of this. Let us go and ask papa to tell us the true meaning of Thanksgiving, and why we have this holiday every year."

Off ran the four children. They found their father in the parlor. He was seated in a large, easy chair before a bright fire in the grate. In

his hand he held a book, from which he seemed to have been reading, for a quiet smile and thoughtful look were on his face.

Mama Gray was sitting near, and she, too, had been reading.

"O, papa, papa, please do tell us just why we have Thanksgiving day," said Nell.

"Indeed, dear little girl, I shall be very glad to do so.

"I have a book here from which I have been reading many things about the first Thanksgiving, and will gladly tell you the story."

The children quietly cuddled down near papa and mama eager to know all about the day which they were so glad to have come.

"First you must remember that many years ago but few white men lived in America. The Indian lived in this country.

"In England, far across the ocean, there were many people.

"Some of these people could not live in England and do what they thought to be right, so they left their homes and went to another land.

"The land to which they journeyed was our own dear America.

"They came in a ship called the Mayflower.

"There were one hundred and two men, women and children on board the Mayflower.

"They had been on the water about thirteen

weeks, and were now looking for a place to bring the ship to shore.

"They came to Plymouth harbor, left the Mayflower, and the first place upon which their feet rested was a rock.

"This rock is called Plymouth Rock.

"Should you go to Plymouth to-day, you would there see the Rock.

"At this time there were no white men here, no houses. It was very, very cold. The snow lay so deep on the ground that the men could neither hunt nor fish.

"Having landed on the shores of America, they went to work to make log houses, and cut down trees to make fires by which they could keep warm.

"The people suffered so much from the cold, the rain, and the snow and ice. There were no houses. The fires were built on the snow. Their beds were put on the ground. Many were sick. They had little food.

"But these brave people trusted in God.

"Once all they could get to eat was a few clams and some water. Another time all a boy could get for his dimner was five kernels of corn.

"One day in early spring an Indian came to see them. He gave them some corn to plant.

"When the warm spring days came and the trees had put on their green dresses, the rabbits

played, and the squirrels ran along the branches of the trees, the wild flowers sprang up in the woods, and the air was filled with the song of

birds. Then this little band of Pilgrims planted the Indian corn.

"Men, women and children worked hard.

"At last autumn came with its corn and pumpkins and beans, with its plenty of food for the winter.

"The Pilgrims were happy now. They thanked God for all these good things." "They had a special day of Thanksgiving."

"Thank you, papa," said the children. "We see now why we have Thanksgiving."

"God gives us many things."

"We should thank Him for them."

"Let us have a happy Thanksgiving."

PICTURE STORY.

The picture which I see represents a little girl standing near a large gate.

The ground is covered with soft, white snow.

There is snow on the gate.

The little girl's name is Amy.

Amy has on a long, bright red cloak, trimmed with a broad band of white fur.

On her head she has a pretty red hood. trimmed with fur.

On her hands are nice, brown mittens.

She is carrying an umbrella in her right hand and on her arm a large basket.

With her left hand she is about to open the gate near which she is standing.

In her basket she has materials for a Christmas dinner which she is taking to some poor old lady.

I think she must be a very kind little girl.

The above story was obtained after an oral lesson upon a large colored picture.

THE MILK WEED.

One lovely day in autumn Aunt Kate and the children were out walking.

As they went along they saw many beautiful things.

There were no birds singing in the leafless trees.

"Auntie, where are all the birds?"

"They have all gone to the beautiful southland, dear."

" And the frogs and the turtles, too?"

"No, the frogs have hid themselves in their holes."

"The turtles are sleeping in the mud at the bottom of the pond."

"Thank you, Auntie, and where are the animals and insects?"

"All the animals and insects of the summer have gone where Jack Frost cannot get them."

"Listen! Auntie," said Ned. "Hear what a pretty song the brook is singing as it ripples along over the bright, smooth pebbles in its bed."

"Yes, dear, it is charming music; but before long Jack Frost will come and kiss the brook and put it to sleep for the winter."

Suddenly little May darted away from the others.

Soon she was heard crying, "Auntie, Auntie, please come quick and see this lovely plant! It has a strange stem and such queer leaves."

"What kind of a plant is it, Aunt Kate?" said Bessie.

"Its stem is so filled with milk that it is called milk weed. We will find it in many places."

"I can see no flowers on this plant," said May.

"The flowers have faded and dropped off. Their work is done."

"Soon the root, stem and leaves will die."

"They have all been working to make these pods."

"The pods are very strong, soft and beautiful," said Frank.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried May. "Here is an open pod!"

"What can you see inside the open pod?" asked Aunt Kate.

"I can see many tiny, brown scales, each having a little brown border around it," said Bes-

sie. "What are those brown scales, Auntie?"

"They are the seeds. Just see how carefully they are placed. This soft, thick pod is a house in which mamma Milk-weed keeps her little babies."

"Sometimes she opens the door of the house and lets her children out into the sunshine."

"Auntie,,' said Frank, "besides the scales there are soft, silky, white threads inside the house. What are these for?"

"This silky piece is a sail for the little brown scale, so that he can go sailing away when Mr. Wind calls for him."

"Mr. Wind plays with the brown scales for a time, then puts them to bed in the soft, moist earth. Here they sleep all winter."

"Another summer these tiny seeds, put to bed by Mr. Wind, will grow and we will find the milk weed plant in many places."

"Thank you, Auntie," said the children. "We will go home now and tell mamma about this wonderful Milk-weed Mother."

PETS—I.

At Christmas time Amy went to visit her cousin May, who lived in the country.

Amy's mamma went with her. They took a long ride on the cars. Grandpa met them at the station and soon had them in his sleigh, with the soft fur robes tucked closely around them. The horses drew them swiftly along over the beautiful snow and it was not long before they stopped at the door of a fine, large house.

May came running out to greet her cousin. As they went into the house the first thing Amy saw, lying curled up on a bright cushion near the fire, was a beautiful gray and white—what do you think? Yes, a dear little kitty with a soft fur coat, bright eyes and sharp teeth and claws.

After playing with kitty for a time, May said she had many more pets she would show Amy. "Oh, how glad I am!" said Amy. "I do love pets,"

In the hall they found Rover sleeping on a rug. His coat was of sleek and shining hair. His eyes and teeth and claws were sharp, too.

They went to the barn and there, besides the sheep, lambs, cows, pigs, hens, chickens and doves they saw standing in his stall one of the horses that had brought grandpa, Amy and her mamma from the station to the house. Jack was quietly eating his dinner of hay and oats. These he took with his lips; he did not use his feet to help him, as Rover would have done. His one

large, clumsy toe would be very little help to him. Jack's coat was of thick, smooth hair.

PETS—II.

Now the children started for the play-room, where May said they would find a pet which Santa Claus had brought to her.

Off they ran, but before going far Amy spied a pretty gray house from which peeped four of the brightest pink eyes she had ever seen. These pink eyes belonged to two very timid animals which were great pets of May's.

"These animals," May said, "are gnawers."

"They have long, pointed ears and a slender body."

"They have five toes on each fore foot and four toes on each hind foot."

"They have sharp, chisel-shaped teeth."

"They can not climb a tree, but they like to dig in the ground."

"These animals have a soft fur coat and are called rabbits."

After watching the rabbits for a time, May and Amy went into the house and to the large, bright play-room where, in a sunny window, they saw a large wire cage, shaped something like a house. In the house was a beautiful little pet who belongs to the family of gnawers.

The Greek boys used to call him "Shadow-tail."

The Indian boys called him, "Tails-in-air," but because he has such a long, bushy tail, we call him squirrel.

The squirrels' eyes are bright and twinkling.

His ears are small.

His teeth sharp and chisel-shaped.

He has four toes on each front claw and five on each hind claw.

He stores his food in autumn and carries the nuts, corn or acorn in his cheeks to his home, which is in the hollow of some tall tree.

If we have very sharp eyes and search carefully we will find his nest, which is made of twigs, moss and leaves, all nicely woven together.

NELL AND SKIP.

A tame rabbit is a pretty pet.

Some tame rabbits are pure white and some are spotted with black.

The pure white rabbits have pink eyes, while the ones with black spots have blue eyes.

Nell had a pet rabbit given her one day. It was white with a little black on one ear and around its eyes.

Can you tell me the color of this rabbit's eyes?

Nell named him Skip.

When Skip was little he was very cute. He liked to run and play with Nell and would come to her when she called him.

He liked to drink milk like a cat; he also ate

grass, but liked fresh clover leaves much better.

Skip grew to be a large rabbit and then he became cross.

When Nell went into the yard he would chase her and scratch her if she tried to pick him up.

Rabbits like to dig in the earth and gnaw wood.

Skip did not like to be shut up and would dig under his house or else gnaw through the boards to get out.

THE BEAR AND THE SQUIRREL.

The black bear has a warm coat.

The squirrel has a warm coat, too.

How many legs has the bear?

He has four legs.

How many legs has the squirrel?

The squirrel has four legs.

The bear can stand on his hind legs.

The squirrel can stand on his hind legs.

Can the bear climb a tree?

Yes, for his paws have sharp claws in them.

The squirrel can climb a tree, too, as he has sharp claws.

The bear and the squirrel both eat nuts.

They both like a hollow tree for their home.

The bear is a large animal.

The squirrel is a small animal.

The bear will harm you but the squirrel will not.

The squirrel makes a nice pet.

THE PRAIRIE DOG.

Prairie dogs live where there are no trees.

They live in deep holes in the ground.

They dig the holes themselves.

They are very busy little fellows.

When you find one of their homes, you will find many others near.

We call these homes their town.

All prairie dogs live in towns.

They keep the streets neat and clean.

If you visit their town on a warm day, you will see them sitting by their holes.

You will also hear them bark.

A prairie dog has four feet.

He is a little larger than a rat.

The prairie dog is a timid little fellow.

A prairie dog makes a very playful pet.

Harry once had one that would run and bark at the children as they went home from school.

THE FISH.

I am a fish.
Do you see me?

I can swim.
Can you swim?
I like to swim.
I have seven fins.
I swim with my fins.
I have two gills.
I breathe through my gills.
See my pretty dress.
My dress is made of scales.
Little boys and girls eat fish.
Hiawatha caught fish with a spear.
You catch us with a hook and line.
Be kind to us little girls and boys.

A TREE AND THE SUN.

Mother tree and her children, the buds, have been asleep all winter.

Jack Frost has kept them asleep.

Now the sun shines longer each day than it did in December. So the days are much longer and warmer, too.

The great warm sun whispered softly to the tree and said, "Come, Mother tree, it is time for you to awaken from your long winter nap."

"You must call all your little ones and get them ready for the spring, which will soon be here."

"Yes, dear sun," answers the tree. "Do you not see how my bark and all the buds are glowing and shining?"

"Oh yes, Mother Tree, I do see," said the sun, "and that tells me you have heard and answered my call."

A TALK OF MOTHER NATURE'S.

One bright morning in autumn I was sitting in one of Mother Nature's big rooms.

There was a soft, mossy carpet on the floor.

Many lovely pictures could be seen on all the walls. What do you think they were?

The daintiest of perfume and the sweetest of music filled the air.

This big room was a beautiful wood, where many kinds of trees were to be found.

The maples had put on their dresses of red and gold.

The oaks wore rich browns and red.

The elms donned pretty brown dresses trimmed with dainty yellow.

Mother Nature, busy and happy, was joyfully singing and chattering with her many children as she prepared them for bed and their long winter sleep and rest.

It seemed to me as I listened that she spoke thus:

"Little mosses, tiny grasses and dainty flower-roots, cuddle yourselves carefully into the soft,

brown earth and go to sleep. Soon the trees will send a covering of bright leaves to keep you warm."

"When Jack Frost comes and you need warmer covering, he will send you a shining blanket of pure white."

"Dear little birdlings, sing me a sweet song and then away to the south land ere Jack Frost comes to harm you."

"Mamma Turtle and your little ones, where will you hide to keep from the cold? In a sheltered place at the root of a tree?"

"No, mother dear, we will go into the sand at the bottom of the brook; there we will be nice and warm."

Mr. Frog, will you go with the turtles?"

"We will rest in the mud of the pond."

"Here is one of my big, strong children, with a nice, warm, fur coat on. You, Mr. Bear, will not fear Jack Frost?"

"Oh no, but there is no work for me to do, so I will find a nice hollow log, and, using it for a cradle, will sleep there all winter."

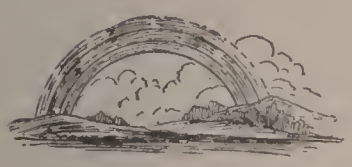
"Here are the beautiful dragon flies, the crickets, the mosquitoes, the gnats, the flies, the

grasshoppers and the katy-dids—all the tiny insects—what will you do?"

"Dear Mother Nature," said the grasshopper, we have done nothing but play all the summer, and now, when Jack Frost comes, we must die because we have stored no food."

"Good-bye, dears. I love you but cannot help those who have not helped themselves."

THE RAINBOW.



One day in April, little Paul sat by the window watching the rain come down.

It had been a beautiful morning and he had planned to have such a good time all day. But by and by a great dark cloud came and hid the sun, and now great raindrops came pattering against the window pane.

Poor little Paul, it was hard to have to stay in-doors, but an April shower does not last long. Suddenly the sun came out, bright and beautiful.

As Paul saw the sun his face became all smiles and, as he looked out of the window, he saw something in the sky that made him start.

A great, large bow of ever so many colors, red, blue, orange, violet, oh how pretty it was!

"Ah," thought Paul, "I will run and get that."

So the little boy took his hat and ran out across the wet grass, down to the gate and out on the road. But still the bow was as far away as ever.

Soon it began to fade until he could see nothing but the blue sky.

He was very tired and started for home. When he came to a turn in the road he sat down on a large stone to rest. As he looked down into the grass he saw a pretty little violet with a large tear in her blue eye. "O, little violet," he

said, "I will take you home to my mamma. She will love you and then you will never cry any more."

COLUMBUS.

I will tell you about a little boy.

He lived many years ago.

He had such a strange name. It was Christopher Columbus.

Christopher Columbus' home was far from our own land of America.

His home was in Italy, in a city near the sea.

Columbus spent many happy hours on the beach.

He liked to watch the ships on the water.

As he watched the ships come and go, he often thought, "I do not think the earth is flat. It is round like a ball."

"I can see the mast of the ship first."

"Then I can see the sails of the ship."

"At last I can see the whole ship."

Columbus did not always sit on the beach and think and play.

He went to school.

He learned to read and write and draw.

He liked to read.

He did not have many books.

He learned to draw maps and often sold many of them.

He learned to sail a ship.

He became a great sea captain.

When Columbus became a man he wanted to sail across the ocean.

He would need many ships and men to help him do this.

He did not have any ships and was too poor to buy any.

Columbus tried many ways to get ships, and men to help sail them.

At last good Queen Isabella said she would help him.

She gave him one large ship and two small ones.

She also sent men with him.

The men were afraid and did not want to go.

At last Columbus and the men sailed away across the ocean.

After many weeks the men became very

much afraid and wanted to go back home.
They did not believe that land was near.
Columbus knew better.
Birds were flying in the air.

A log came floating by the ship.
Fishes were caught.
A sparrow came and alighted on the ship.
Columbus and the men watched for the land.
They watched until the sun went down.

When it became dark they saw a light far out on the shore before them.

As they saw this moving, shining light they shouted, "Land! Land!"

This land which they saw was our own dear America.

All this happened over four hundred years ago.

GEORGE WASHINGTON—I.

Many years ago, in a plain, old-fashioned house in Virginia a little baby boy came to make glad his papa and mamma.

This dear little baby boy was George Washington.

Little baby George ate and slept and laughed and cried and cooed as many another baby had done.

His papa and mamma thought him a darling baby and loved him very dearly.

He grew to be a fine boy of five years.

Now he was sent to school.

The tiny school house was in a large field.

His teacher's name was Mr. Hobby.

Washington had a brother who was a soldier.

This made Washington think he would be a soldier when he became a man.

So he began playing soldier with the boys in the school.

He also liked to run, jump and play ball.

GEORGE WASHINGTON—II.

Washington thought a great deal of horses.

He was always kind to them.

He learned to ride well.

He was so just that his little playmates took their quarrels to him for settlement.

When Washington was seven years old his papa died.

He was now sent to another school.

In this school he learned to read and write and do number work.

He did all his work very well indeed.

His writing book was very neat.

It is still kept for us to see.

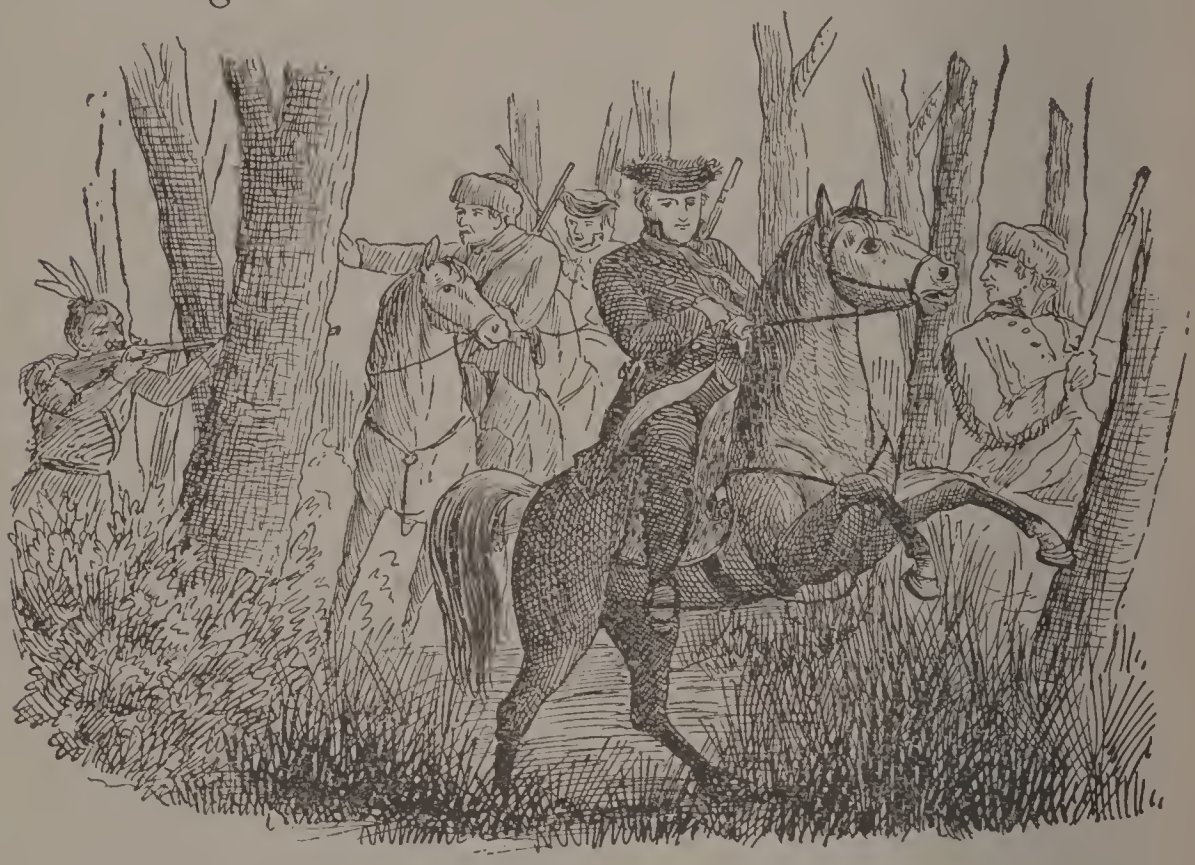
As he grew older his brother wanted him to go and learn to sail a ship.

George wanted to go, too.

His mother thought she could not let him go.

So he stayed at home to please his mother.

From this we may learn to be obedient like Washington.



When nineteen years old he was made captain of some soldiers.

He was sent on an important errand.

He had to go a long, long way through the woods.

There were no roads through the woods.

So he had an Indian to guide him on his way.

This Indian was not true.

One day he hid behind some trees and shot at Washington and his soldiers; but he did not kill them.

Washington and his soldiers took their horses with them.

These horses carried heavy loads.

Sometimes Washington would walk and carry the load himself.

This would rest his horse.

This shows us how kind he was.

GEORGE WASHINGTON—III.

Washington's home was a few miles from the city of Washington.

It was called Mt. Vernon.

The house was a large white one.

A broad porch was along the front of it.

A large, smooth, grassy lawn was all around the house.

Many beautiful trees were on the lawn.

A broad, deep river flowed past Mt. Vernon.

While Washington was still living quietly at Mt. Vernon, a war broke out in this country.

Everyone knew that Washington was a just man.

They knew that he was true and honest.

They all knew that he could be trusted.

Because of this he was chosen to lead the soldiers.

He was now called General Washington.

Washington now went with his army to Boston.

They stayed here for some time.

Very early one hot morning Washington went to take a ride on horseback.

He went all alone.

He had gone about two miles when he saw something that made him stop his horse.

This was an old woman sitting on the steps of a little house.

The old woman was crying very hard.

Washington was sorry for her.

He said to her, "What troubles you my good woman?"

She told him some soldiers had been there that morning.

They had taken everything from her garden.

Her husband was sick.

They now had nothing for the winter.

The soldiers had taken it all.

Washington asked to see her husband.

He got off his horse and tied him to the fence.

Then he went into the house.

He found a poor old man sick in bed.

Washington talked with this man and woman a long time.

He found they were good people.

Before going he took some money and gave to the woman for the things the soldiers had taken from the garden.

It was now time for Washington to go back

to his army.

He had lost his long ride on horseback but he had been kind to those in need.

GEORGE WASHINGTON—IV.

The war lasted a long time.

After it was over the people wanted some one to be their ruler.

Washington was asked by the people to be president.

So he became our first president.

He did this because he loved his country so much.

He was president for eight years.

The people of the country wanted a flag.

They wanted it all for their very own.

They did not want it like any other flag.

Washington helped to make a picture of a flag.

Then he took it to a woman and told her just how to make it.

It was to be red, white and blue.

The stripes were of red and white.

Seven stripes were red.

Six stripes were white.

A field of blue with white stars was to be in the upper left hand corner of the flag.

These colors tell us something.

The red says, "Be Brave."

The white says, "Be Pure."

The blue says, "Be True."

This was to be our Country's Flag.

Washington loved the flag.

He was brave, pure and true.

We will love our Country's Flag.

We will be brave, pure and true.

Washington died many years ago.

We still celebrate his birthday.

It comes on the twenty-second day of February each year.

GUESSING PLAY—I.

Paul was slowly walking home from school one day, and as he went along was thinking of what he had just learned.

Fred came running after him and said, as they walked on together, "Paul, please tell me your thoughts."

"Oh, I was just thinking about something that lives in the earth. Its body is shaped like a cylinder. One end is flat. The other end is pointed.

"The body is made up of many rings.

"These rings are called joints.

"There are many stiff, thread-like things on the under side of these rings, which help it move along.

"It has no hands, no eyes, no ears.

"It has no use for them.

"Its mouth is a hole on the under side of the first ring of its body. A food tube runs from this ring through the body. The food in it is soft earth.

"Its skin is very thin. It does not like the

heat. It does like damp, cool places. It breathes through this thin skin."

"Just one thing more, Paul," said Fred. "Of what use is this thing of which you have been telling me? I think I can tell you what it is."

"It helps the gardener keep the soil loosened about the plants."

"Oh, I know now!" laughed Fred. "It is the earth worm, is it not?"

"Yes, Fred, you are right, it is the earth worm."

GUESSING PLAY—II.

"Well, I like this kind of play," said Paul.

"So do I," answered Fred. "Now you see if you can tell of what I am thinking."

"All right, I'll do my best."

"I am thinking of something that is not now living, but that many, many, many years ago was alive and very beautiful. It made many people happy. It belonged to the vegetable kingdom, not to the animal kingdom as does the earth worm."

"Oh, I know, it was a potatoe!" said Paul.

"Not quite so fast; listen quietly while I tell you more of this of which I am thinking.

"Like the earth worm its body was made of many rings. By these rings one could tell its age.

"It, too, had a cylinder-like body.

"It could not move about like the earth worm.

"The earth gathered around many, many of these beautiful vegetables until they were hid away down in the ground.

"There they lay a long, long time.

"Then more earth was packed on top of that already put on the vegetables.

"At last they became very hard.

"Now after they became hard it was a mineral and belonged to the mineral kingdom.

"It is very hard.

"It is very black.

"Men dig it from out of the earth.

"The place from which it is dug is called a mine.

"It is used to burn.

"It will keep us warm.

"We buy it by the ton."

"O! O! O! it is coal!" shouted Paul.

"Yes, it is coal, but I feared you would not guess it."

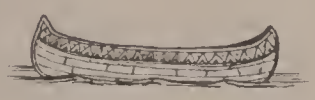
Then both boys had a hearty laugh and said they would try this play again.

HIAWATHA.

See the

See the black

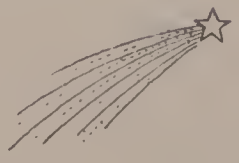
Do you see Nokomis?

See the 

A little Indian boy lives near here.
His name is Hiawatha.

Hiawatha sees the

Can Hiawatha see the star?

Hiawatha sees the 

Hiawatha sees the

Hiawatha sees the rainbow.

He calls the bow his flowers.

Hiawatha sits by the wigwam.

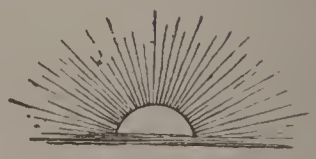
He sees the pretty fire-flies.

He calls them

Hiawatha hears the

The owl cries "Who! who!"

The owl has three little owls.

Hiawatha sees when the  shines.

The owl sees when the and shine.

Did Hiawatha see the owls?

Did Hiawatha hear the owls?

Hiawatha sees the

Hiawatha sees the

He calls the birds his

Hiawatha sees the

He sees the

He sees the

He calls them "Hiawatha's Brothers."

Iagoo made Hiawatha

Hiawatha took his bow and arrow.
He went into the woods.
He went to shoot a deer.
The birds saw Hiawatha.
They said, "Do not shoot us Hiawtha."
Hiawatha did not hear them.

He was thinking only of the deer.

The saw Hiawatha.

The rabbit said, "Do not shoot me Hiawatha."

The saw Hiawatha.

The squirrel said, "Do not shoot me Hiawatha."

Hiawatha did not see them.
He saw the deer.
Does it see Hiawatha?

He raised his

He took aim at the deer.
Hiawatha shot at the deer.
He killed the deer.

He takes it to the

Nokomis made him a coat.
She made him a dinner.
His friends came.
They praised him for his bravery.

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